The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Victoria University Library
TORONTO

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ⟶ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

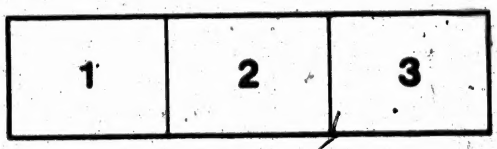
Victoria University Library
TORONTO

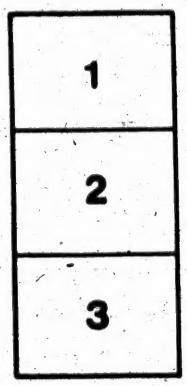
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

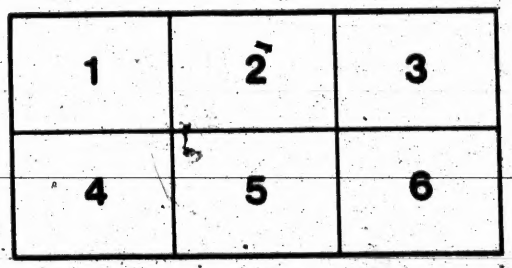
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.







32x

Wee Blossoms

BY

FLORENCE.

PRO
WAIS
[redacted]

21762
29/9/1910

PREFACE.

"What though to-day
Thou can'st not trace out all the hidden reason,
For His strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey!
Though God's cloud—mystery enfold thee here,
In after life and light ALL shall be plain and clear."

The writer of the following poems seeks, with humble spirit, to be used as God's instrument in cheering the pathway of some gloomy life; in strengthening the faith of some faltering Christian, or even in leading ONE soul to Christ.

Though young in life, she has spent some years in affliction. These have been made pleasant to her through the love of a Saviour. Pain of body only brought the soul into closer relationship with Jesus, and in these hours of physical distress, these poems were composed and afterward penned. Acquaintanceship with the author would, doubtless, add to the forcefulness of her productions. However, they were composed by a dear child of God, and are sent forth with the hope that some reader may be blessed. Will you kindly receive and ponder them?

A. T. SOMERBY,

Aylmer, June 1st, 1888.

WEE BLOSSOMS

Is lovingly dedicated
To Sister Louie,
Whose kindness has brightened many weary hours;
And to those whom the "Lord hath shut in",
With the wish that these verses
Were more worthy of their acceptance.
But words are but ripples on the ocean of feelings,
And thoughts but the sands on its boundless shores.

FLORENCE.

"God doth not need
Either man's works or His own gifts,
Who best bears his mild yoke they serve him best,
His state is kingly.
Thousands at His bidding speed, and post
O'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

WEE BLOSSOMS.

'Tis a fair, sweet morning in May-time,
  Back and forth the branches swing,
While the sunbeams at play are dancing
  On blossoms, where dew-drops cling.

There are branches strong and majestic,
  All laden with pink-white bloom,
While the clear, balmy air grows heavy,
  With the richly sweet perfume.

But here is a tiny branch growing,
  Crowned with blossoms small and few,
And the stately ones, swaying, whisper—
  "Little bough, what can you do,

You, the youngest, weakest among us,
  Swaying feebly to and fro?"
Then in meekness the bough makes answer—
  "I am young and weak I know.

But perhaps I'll be stronger, sweeter,
  When I older grow like you,
Though I never can be as lovely,
  Nor, perhaps, such good may do.

But if one tiny bud or blossom
  Is cherished by one who knows
That the bough is so young that gives it,
  And in weakness each blossom grows.

Or if just one faint breath of fragrance
  From these blossoms small and weak
Can comfort some suffering pilgrim,
  'Tis all that I ask or seek."

Do you know where this tree is growing?
In the garden of life, dear friend,
And the bough so small and unworthy
Is the one who these lines has penned.

The branches that sway far above me,
Laden with blossoms so sweet,
Are those who, in greatness and wisdom,
With their pens and lives repeat.

All that's grand and good and noble,
So their blossoms pure and fair
Fill the world with sweetest fragrance,
Known and cherished everywhere.

* * * * * * * * * *

Just seventeen lovely summers
Have come and gone again,
Some bringing to me Life's sweetness,
Others it's weary pain.

Since I came to this wondrous garden
Of flowers and thistles, too,
But the thorns that I deemed the sharpest
Have brought me the joys most true.

Then criticize gently the blossoms,
Which ever in weakness grow,
If just one could some sick-room brighten,
I would be content I know.

I have longed to tell of God's mercy,
And the old, sweet tale repeat,
So these nineteen wee buds and blossoms
I lay down at Jesus' feet.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

What is my life work? Can it be
That Jesus has some work for me?
Some work for Him, some cross to take,
And bravely bear for Jesus' sake?

Not great my life work, God knows best
How much to give, so I am blest
If, in His wisdom it may be,
Some LITTLE THINGS are left for me.

Yet, little breakers must be o'er
The little rocks along the shore,
And little tempests, too, be past;
Before I reach my Home at last.

O, guide my hand, that brave and true
I'll steer my life-barque safely through,
With eyes fixed on Thy Lights' bright ray,
Till all the mists shall roll away.

If waves of Discontent should rise,
Or clouds of Doubt obscure the skies,
Above the tempests raging high,
My Savior say—"Lo it is I."

O, gladly then my work I'll do,
For Hope's bright sun will soon peep through
The storm-clouds; and I'll thankful be,
For E'EN THE SMALL THINGS left for me.

Help me be gentle, kind and true—
Living for Thee the whole day through—
Patient in suffering, let me make
My life-song sweet for Jesus' sake.

Faithful in small things would I live,
Heart, mind and soul to thee I give;
O, guide me safe, till o'er the sea
I'll anchor in Eternity.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE PANSY AND DAISY.

THE PANSY.

Long, long years ago in the City of Nazareth,
In a small, lowly hut lived the "Wonderful Child";
In fancy I can see Him so wise and so gentle,
Filled with infinite sweetness and love undefiled.

O, thrice blessed Mary, whose fond arms could enfold Him,
Who could smooth the soft tresses and wipe ev'ry tear,
Guide the tottering feet and in love could uphold Him
When shadows or dangers were hovering near.

How little were you dreaming, O fond, gentle mother,
As you hushed your sweet Baby to sleep on your breast,
That so soon He would wander despised and rejected,
Heart weary and footsore, with no where to rest.

That the brow you were kissing 'neath thorns would be bleeding,
The sweet winning voice would grow weary so fast;
And the dear dimpled hands which your face were caressing,
Some day you would see to a cross nailed at last.

Yes, little you dreamed of the dark future before Him,
As you guided the innocent feet day by day;
So He "grew in grace daily" this sweet, gentle Jesus,
The earth was His play-room, with dumb creatures His play.

The lambs gamboled daily in innocent gladness,
As gently He petted each soft woolly head;
The birds sang more sweet as they came at His bidding;
The flowers bloomed the brighter at each word He said.

For He talked to them all in his wise, baby fashion,
And once, while He wandered through the meadow wide,

He found a new flower, sweet, with leaves soft as velvet,
So the flower's wee Friend sat down by it's side.

Then smiling it listened to the story He whispered,
So full of sweet innocence, glory and grace ;
Till meekly it bowed to the King of all Kingdoms,
And a look almost human stole into its face.

That look, so expressive of great wisdom and meekness,
On the face of our pansy will linger alway ;
And the story once told by the Infant Redeemer
It will whisper to you if you'll listen to-day.

THE DAISY.

Years have flown and now we see Him
Grown from childhood into man,
Eyes more sad and smiles more tender,
Let us watch Him if we can.

There He stands, so grand, majestic,
With disciples all around ;
While the eager, waiting mothers
Sit, with children on the ground.

His disciples say—"O do not
Trouble thus the Master, He
Is weary." But sweet the answer—
"Let the children come to me."

One by one they bring them to Him,
"Master bless my baby too,"
So each child receives a blessing,
In those arms so strong and true.

See ! this babe a bud is holding,
Now it opens crimson bright,
But the Saviour watches, smiling,
Till it turns from red to white.

See it growing snowy, snowy,
(All the rest are watching too)
Softly, sweetly, falls the blessing—
"Be it ever thus with you.

Strive to live pure as the flow'rets,
Trust in me where e'er you go;
Then, tho' sins be red like crimson,
They shall be as white as snow."

So, our spotless, sunny Daisy
Speaks in innocence and love,
"Look to Jesus, He will send thee
Peace and pardon from above."

"UNTO HIM."

Just one little thought for Jesus,
  Amidst your anxious cares,
Onethought for the faithful Saviour,
  Who all thy sorrow shares;
Who crowneth thy life with blessings
  And strengthens all thy days;
To Him let thy thoughts lift upward
  In ever grateful praise.

Just one little word for Jesus,
  Dropped thro' the busy day,
May strengthen some pilgrim, struggling
  Along the weary way;
May keep one weak heart from sinning,
  Brighten some eye grown dim,
Thus hasten His coming glory
  By just a word for Him.

Just one little song for Jesus,
  What good a song may do;
For the strain, though weak and falt'ring,
  May help some more sing too;
And the echo of your singing,
  Floating among the throng,
May turn one faint heart toward Heaven
  Or rescue one from wrong.
Oh sing for the sick, the wand'ring,
  Ever thy glad notes raise,
'Till many a heart long silent,
  Join you in ceaseless praise.

Just one little life for Jesus;
  How small this life appears
When we weigh its joys and sorrows,
  And all its hopes and fears;
Beside, that vast Eternity,
  That life of endless bliss.
O! how can we keep from Jesus,
  One little hour of this?
Come, let us be up and doing,
  Old Time is flying fast;
The fields are ripe for the reapers,
  Harvest will soon be past;
We'll take what His mercy gives us,
  And do it with our might;
Some serve Him by waiting, watching,
  Others amidst the fight.

Then think, speak and sing his praises,
  E'er to His name be true;
  Be ONLY and ALL for Jesus,
He will be ALL to you.

PATIENCE.

In a little Scottish schoolhouse
  On the brae, among the heather,
One day stood wee lads and lassies,
  Puzzling thoughtfully together;
Gravely waiting stood the master,
  Strange that none could give the answer
To that question—"What is Patience"?
  Hark! a tiny voice—"I can, sir."

Tell us lassie, said the teacher,
  In a voice once more grown cheery,
Soft the little lass made answer—
  "Bide awee and dinna weary."
Quaint sweet answer, years have vanished
  Since those falt'ring words were spoken,
But they're living still and bringing
  Rest to many hearts nigh broken.

So whene'er your heart grows restless,
  Waiting for some sweet fulfilling
Of your fondest hopes; or ending
  Of your saddest hours, be willing
Thus to wait; So trust in Jesus,
  And whene'er your life seems dreary,
Say unto your fainting spirit—
  "Bide awee and dinna weary."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

For I, the Lord, thy God, will hold thy right hand saying unto thee—Fear not, I will help thee.—Isaiah XLI, XIII.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Joshua I, V.

My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest.—Exodus XXXIII, XIV.

Lamb of God, to thee I'm calling,
  Thou who died on Calvary,
For I hear Thy sweet voice saying,—
  "Child of sorrows, come to Me,
I have suffered all before thee,
  And will smooth this path of thine,
Fear thou not, for I will guide thee,
  Place thy trembling hand in Mine."

So I'm coming, now, Oh Jesus,
  Sinful, weary, faint and weak,
Take me in Thine arms my Saviour,
  Still Thy words of comfort speak.
Teach me patience and contentment,
  Let me find in Thee, the rest
Which, with trusting, tells me surely
  Each hard hour by Thee is blest.

Down Death's v[illegible]ly lead me,
  O be near me [illegible] way,
Till, all radiantly before me
  Shines the light of Perfect Day;
Sweeter far than all the Glory
  Of that Heaven, will be to me.
Just to look upon my Leader,
  See Him sweetly smile on me.

He who sought me, lost lamb straying,
  Brought me back His child to be
With the whispered words—"Forgiven,
  Child of sin, I died for thee."
Once to see Thy face my Saviour,
  Only once, on bended knee,
Hear again that word—forgiven,
  Would be Heaven enough for me.

But Thy wondrous love hath promised
  More than seeing Thee above;
We shall be like Thee forever,
  Yes, like Thee, the God of Love.
We shall all be changed in Glory,
  If Thy children true and tried,
When I waken in Thy likeness,
  I shall then be satisfied.

GALILEE.

'Tis even on Galilee, red sinks the sun,
The soft shadows lengthen, the long day is done,
All its heat and its cares now are o'er ;
The sleepy birds twitter "good-night" in the trees,
The rust'ling leaves sway neath the murmuring breeze,
The twilight falls gently as mists from the seas,
And the rippl'ing waves break on the shore.

Thus the eventide fell in the life of our King,
For, tho' darkness is nearing, the soft shadows bring
Sweet rest from the long weary day.
The calm hush of twilight filled His soul ere the night,
With his loved ones around Him, the Glory shone bright,
As they sang their last even-song sweet, then the light
Faded fast as they went on their way.

Now 'tis midnight on Galilee, dark is the sky ;
The sombre clouds lower, and the winds sweeping by
Lash to foam the fast swelling tide.
Thus the midnight of Calvary fell like a pall,
Hushed the music of day and the bird's gentle call,
While fierce tempests and deepest night reigned over all
When the Saviour was crucified.

'Tis morning on Galilee, the tempest is past,
Night flies from the face of the dawning at last,
As it heralds the fast rising sun ;
The clear blue waves glisten 'neath the warm shining rays,
The birds sing in carols sweet, the fair morning's praise,
Each soft sighing zepher with some leafy bough plays,
And another bright day has begun.

Thus the day of Christ's Glory dawned over the world,
The banners of triumph in Heav'n were unfurled,
  And His loved ones sang joyfully;
With hands stretched in blessing he vanished from sight,
Upheld by bright angels, 'till lost in the light
Of Kingdoms celestial, where there is no night,
  And where "there shall be no more sea."

ELIM.

"Let us rest awhile at Elim, by the fountains of water, beneath the cooling Palms."

Let us come, all we who are weary,
The Shepherd's tired lambs,
And rest by the fountains at Elim,
Beneath the cooling palms.

Sweet rest, for the path has been thorny,
The day has seemed so long,
O, sing with the soft flowing fountains,
A sweet thanksgiving song.

Though we saw not a step before us,
He's led us all the way,
And given us a place of resting,
After the heat of day.

Give Him thanks for His gentle leading,
The love which makes us whole,
For His peace, and the precious healing
For every sin-sick soul.

Yes, sing of our dear, loving Shepherd,
Praise Him with joyful Psalms,
While resting awhile at Elim
Beneath the cooling palms.

"WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?"

Ye soldiers of Jesus, why are ye so fearful?
  Why falter and faint day by day?
Why dread so the storm clouds that gather above you,
  And the battles to fight on the way?

Why tremble so soon when you hear the loud clashing
  Of the armour of Satan's strong host?
Why fear lest thyself or some dearly loved brother
  In the contest so near will be lost?

Too easy, you faint when the night closes 'round you,
  Too quickly you flee from the foe;
O, follow the cross with God's armour upon you, (Eph. VI, 13, 17)
  When forth to life's battle you go.

He strengthens thy hand for the struggle approaching,
  Be strong in the Lord; hear Him say—
Fear not, I am with thee; I'll strengthen thee, help thee;
  Yea, I will uphold thee alway. (Isaiah XLI, 10.)

If God, whom the angels, archangels are praising,
  At whose voice demons tremble with fear,
If He be for us, then who can be against us, (Rom. VIII, 31).
  What can harm us if Jesus is near?

You believe that the Saviour died to save sinners,
  That through Him are your sins washed away;
So He's promised that no believer shall perish, (St. John III, 16).
  Then why are you fearful to-day?

And He says—I'm the vine and ye are the branches,
Abide in Me and I in you. (St. John XV, 4, 5).
Fair'ring one, could a branch be cut off or broken
If His life-blood flows through it too?

If we are the members of one body in Jesus, (Rom. XII, 5).
Can a member be cast away?
If He calls us by name, in His hand safely hides us, (Is. LI, 16).
Can we perish like sheep gone astray?

He has paid the great price, with His blood He has bought you;
(1 Cor. VI, 19, 20.)
Ye are His, not your own now for aye. (Rom. XIV, 7, 8.)
Then this promise is sure—To Mine own I have given
Life eternal, which none take away. (St. John X, 27, 28.)

He liveth to make intercession for sinners, (Heb. VII, 25.)
Are His prayers for His children in vain?
Is His power so limited, pleading so useless,
O ye, who with Him are to reign?

No, no! If you're TRULY belonging to Jesus. (1 Cor. III, 23.)
[illegible] have followed the paths He has trod, (1 Peter II, 21.)
[illegible] sanctified, cleansed, hid with Christ in the Father,
(1 Cor. VI, 11. Col. III, 3.)
[illegible] the covenant grace of your God.

If the pathway grows rough, He goes ever before you
To straighten and smooth it each day; Isaiah XLV, 2.)
Unto him who is faithful, His mercy has promised
A crown that ne'er fadeth away. 1 Peter V, 4. Rev. II, 10.)

Why do you believe only HALF that He tells you?
O, how can you grieve the Lord so?
He has never ONCE failed in a word of His promise;
He's Truth, Love and Mercy, I know.

Oh, soldiers of Jesus, march joyfully onward,
  Rely on His Truth and His Word;
Ye shall come to Zion with gladness and singing. (Isaiah xxxv, 10)
  Then trust and rejoice in the Lord.
For we are persuaded that not life, death, nor angels,
  Nor powers, depths, nor heights yet untrod,
Nor things that are present, nor yet in the future
  Can part us from the love of our God. (Rom. viii, 35, 39.)

BUBBLES.

Sitting on a stone by the woodshed door
Was baby; little feet crossed on the floor,
Dimpled hands holding a bowl on his knee,
With pipe and soap-suds he had begged from me;
The wondering eyes raised above him, where
A bubble floated around through the air,
Flashing colors gay in the dancing light,
A moment it played then vanished from sight.

That was the sweet picture I saw one day,
While watching unseen wee Percy at play.

"What has the darling been doing?" I said,
A sigh came, as turning the golden head
He answered with smile as sweet as could be—
"Me blowing bubbles and in 'em me see
Such beu'ful castles to go to the moon,
But they never reach it, they're gone too soon."
I whispered, maybe a sunbeam so bright
Has carried the bubble up in its light,
Don't grieve for the castles faded so fast,
Make prettier ones while the soap-suds last.

But I thought and thought through the busy day,
That old or young we are always at play
With castles so beautiful, bright and fair,
In bubbles of wishes as light as air.
There are castles of love and castles of joy,
And castles of pleasures without alloy,
If built in the morn they're faded by noon,
With always this trouble—THEY'RE GONE TOO SOON.

Then let us not grieve over castles gone,
But of hopes still left make a nobler one;
Build at first the foundation doubly sure,
Which through storms of sorrow shall all endure,
The corner stone Faith, the rest strong and true,
As gentleness, meekness and patience too.
Make pillars of Trust, and windows of Love,
And towers of Hope pointing far above ;
Let nails be of Prayer, firm in ev'ry part,
This castle of Peace you build in your heart,
While Charity's flag floats free over all,
If such is your castle it never can fall.
The bubble so bright which surrounds the whole
Will be the sunshine of joy from your soul,
And if Christ, in love, your work will defend,
Castle and all will endure to the end.
Not fade like bubbles to go to the moon,
Which never arrive for they're GONE TOO SOON.

A PRAYER.

Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

O Lord, open Thou my lips that my mouth shall show forth thy praise.—Psalm xli, 7, 15.

Abba, Father, take me,
  Sinful though I be.
Wash me, cleanse and make me
  Pure and white for Thee.

All my sins confessing,
  Low I bow the knee,
Craving for Thy blessing,
  Bless me, even me.

Take away all sadness,
  Sweetly let me sing
Songs of joy and gladness
  For my Saviour—King.

Help me tell the story
  Of Thy wondrous love,
Of thy cross and glory
  In that Home above.

All in Thee confiding,
  All to thee I bring,
Keep me Lord abiding
  Only for my King.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Pealing so wearily,
Tolling so drearily,
Hear the bells ringing the old year away;
Turned are its pages o'er,
Closed now for evermore,
No more revealed till the last judgment day.

Much we are grieving now,
Humbly in prayer and bow,
Saviour forgive the dark pages of sin,
Wash in the crimson flow,
Wash white as the driven snow,
Then sealed for aye. A new page we begin.

Write there thy holy name,
Bright may thy spirits flame
Ever illumine this page of our lives;
Till all its brightness see,
Know that 'tis blessed of thee,
King of all grace who each faint heart revives.

Peal now so merrily,
Ring out so glad and free
Bells of the New Year. For Christ gives us peace;
Ring out all sorrow, sin,
All peace and love ring in,
From Saten's bondage our soul finds release.
We'll pour our prai es sweet,
Down at those pierced feet
Bleeding for us. Hear Him tenderly say,
I have redeemed thee
Blood bought, my own to be,
Lo, I have blessed thee this glad New Year's day.

Them, Lord, our lives accept,
May they for aye be kept
Only for Jesus whatever betide.
O may each page be blest,
As seemeth to thee best,
Ere turned for aye. Christ in Thee we'll abide.

Till in that Glory land,
We with the ransomed band,
Welcome with rapture the endless New Year.
Lord we will follow Thee,
Whate'er our lot may be,
It is enough if our Master is near.

A PEEP IN THE FUTURE.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow.—Matthew VI, 34.
As thy days so shall thy strength be.—Deut. XXXIII, 25.
Lo, I am with you alway; even unto the end.—Matt. XXVIII, 20.

How I wonder what my future will be,
Will my life's journey be short or long?
O, will it be happy, joyous and free,
Filled with bright sunshine and merry song?

Will the light of my life but dimly throw
A flick'ring ray where the shadows lie?
Or brilliantly shine as the sunset glow,
And light the way-side as I pass by?

Or will it but glimmer, then fade for aye;
Vanished, but only to shine more bright
Where sorrow and sighing shall flee away
And shadows are lost in Fadeless Light?

Shall I be struggling so weary and worn,
Fighting alone with a rough, cold world,
My little barque tossing (while madly torn
By tempest-tossed waves) with sails close furled?

Or shall I sail on the seas calm and blue,
With sails unfurled to the gentle breeze?
Be strengthened by friendships lasting and true,
The same in quiet or stormy seas?

And shall I be helping some one each day,
Easing a burden or bright'ning gloom?
Tho' wand'ring 'midst sunshine and flowers gay,
Or lying alone in a darkened room.

But what use in wondering, weary one?
  What matter if skies be dark or fair,
If valleys be cold, or too bright the sun?
  The King of the Universe still is there.

If the heat is scorching the weary head,
  Then rest 'neath the shadow of His wings;
In sunless valleys His mercy has shed
  His Love-light, shining 'midst fresh'ning springs.

He knows what is best for His erring child,
  My little barque he will safely steer;
His sweet voice will quiet the waves so wild,
  In cloud or sunshine He will be near.

Then how can I doubt Him or sadly long
  For pleasures past or beyond my grasp?
He says "'Tis not good for thee, so be strong
  In the path I send." His hand I'll clasp

And gladly will follow His bleeding feet,
  'Tis enough if He bids me onward go;
Though winds drown His voice, the echo is sweet,
  His grace is sufficient for ALL, I know.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

1

He, King of the Universe, whose glories extend
From planet to planet; the Beginning and End,
The Prince of Peace, Counsellor, Redeemer and Friend;
He careth for you.

He CARETH. What rapture with that thought you can claim,
He pardons thee, guardeths thee, and calls thee by name;
Love, yesterday, to-day, and forever the same.
He CARETH for you.

He careth FOR YOU. Pilgrim what could you have more
Than this Starbeam to guide thee when deepest clouds lower?
Look to Jesus, casting all care upon Him, for
He careth FOR YOU.

ADORATION.

Glory, honor, bright, supernal! be to Christ our Heavenly King;
Praise and power, grand, Eternal! thus we'll jubilantly sing;
In His arms we'll safely rest, Jesus knoweth what is best.

Worship him with adoration, for He died our debt to pay;
Praise in joyous exultation; Our Redeemer reigns to-day;
And with rapture we can tell, "Jesus doeth all things well."

Hallelujah, Prince so Glorious! Hail the mighty King of Kings!
Lord of Hosts, He comes victorious, let us nestle 'neath his wings;
Trusting in our Royal Friend, let us serve Him to the end.

O the brightness of His Glory, drawing nearer day by day;
O the sweetness of His story, old, yet dearer grown alway;
Changeless in his precious Name, Jesus Christ is still the same.

Soon we'll see the Crown resplendent shining on that matchless brow,
For Thy Glory all transcendent, Saviour we are waiting now;
When the light of life grows dim, we shall be complete in Him.

GIRLS BE KIND TO MOTHER.

Yes girls, her face is wrinkled,
  Her form is bowed with care,
Her steps grow slow and feeble,
  And silver-white her hair.

The years of patient toiling
  Have made her steps so weak,
Her fears, perhaps for you girls,
  Have paled the rosy cheek.

Long nights of weary watching,
  And days of anxious care,
Have bowed the form, and whitened
  The once fair, sunny hair.

Then girls be kind to mother,
  Be gentle, thoughtful, true;
You'll never find another
  Who'll do so much for you.

O help the feeble footsteps
  Along the thorny road,
With young heart brave and loving,
  Help bear each heavy load.

Do all you can to help her,
  To rest the weary feet,
Then watch the dear face brighten
  With smiles so glad and sweet.

And tell her that you love her,
  And love to help her too,
Be kind to dear old mother,
  She'd live and die for you.

Our Saviour loved His Mother,
He'd all for her endure,
He thought of her while dying,
Her welfare to secure.

So gave her to another
(Just as His work was done)
That she should be His mother
And He should be her son.

You long to work for Jesus?
Methinks I hear Him say—
'By being kind to mother
You'll help me every day.'

And sometime if He calls you
Some other work to do,
He'll say—'She loved her mother,
I know she will be true.'

EASTER, 1888.

THE LESSON OF A GERANIUM LEAF.

The earth seems to wake from it's long winter sleep,
  But weary and sick I lay
In this darkened room; 'till these flowers were sent
  To brighten my Easter day.

They've each told a story peculiarly sweet,
  But out from the bunch there fell
A sweet little leaf with its colors so bright,
  Which more than the rest can tell.

Its perfume is breathing of Sharon's sweet Rose,
  It speaks of a Saviour's power,
Whose smile speeds the dawning and voice quells the wave,
  Whose breath wakes each budding flower.

On its face I can see—first a centre green,
  Like verdure all fresh around,
While three deep cut veins from that centre extend,
  Like crosses sunk in the ground.

Around them is spreading a circle of red,
  (Sad symbol of cross and grave,)
It speaks of the sacrifice lovingly made,
  This lost world to bless and save.

My heart aches with grief as the story I trace,
  But see! More than this it tells,
For encircling them all is a band of gold,
  Then peal out ye Easter Bells!

For that speaks of the glory shining to-day,
O'er and cross-crowned Calvary !
"He liveth and reigneth", the bright gold tints say,
"And intercedeth for them."

These veins grown from under the large centre one
Are the crosses for us to bear,
They point to the gold, yes, that Glory beyond,
Unclouded by a sorrow or care.

O, His glory is filling the earth and skies,
And the shadows all flee away !
The lesson I've learned that the leaf came to speak,
So I'm happy this Easter Day.

WAITING.

We are waiting, ever waiting,
For the coming of His feet,
For His voice so low and tender,
For His smile divinely sweet.

As He gently bids us 'enter'
In our Home beyond the skies,
Where we'll see Him in his beauty,
See him with immortal eyes.

Mansions fair he's been preparing,
(Not with feeble, human hand)
But eternal in the Heavens,
Bright and beautiful they stand.

There we'll cast our crowns before Him,
Joining in that grand New Song;
'Till through Heaven shall be singing
Hallelujahs loud and long.

Endless love and fadeless glory
In that 'vast forever' reign,
No more heart aches, no more weeping,
And "there shall be no more pain."

He has said—"O be not troubled,
Back for you I'll surely come";
So with eager hearts we're waiting
For His coming and for Home.

Love unchanging, passing knowledge
  That shall bid our sorrows cease,
Fill us with thy holy radiance;
  With that Heaven's perfect Peace.

So with weary faces turning
  To that heavenly starlit dome,
We are praying—"Saviour make us
  Worthy of that Home, sweet Home."

CANADA

Is a song unsung, that we may sing
  Thy praise, O land most dear ?
Is a bell unrung, that we may ring
  So all the world shall hear ?
Is there a key-note left unstruck
  To start the gladsome strain ?
'Till busy nations stop to hear
  And chant its sweet refrain ?

CHORUS—O Canada, dear Canada, fond love we give to thee,
  In joyous lays we sing thy praise, sweet land of Liberty.

The richest gems of lowest depths,
  The snow-capped mountains high ;
The flow'r decked prairies forests grand ;
  Pure rivers rushing by ;
Clear, matchless lakes and valleys deep,
  Sweet birds and brightest flowers,
All, all are thine, our native land,
  "Fair Canada of ours."

CHORUS—

And rocky caverns, torrents fierce,
  Cool founts and babb'ling brooks,
The busy city's roar and din,
  Green fields and shady nooks ;
The winter's mantle, soft and white,
  The sleigh bells jingling mirth,
All beauties bright are found in thee,
  Thou dear land of our birth.

CHORUS—

Ye haughty nations make your boasts
  Of riches greater far,
Of armed millions, swifter fleets
  Within the harbour bar:
More densely peopled lands than this,
  Of greater fame and power,
But we defy you all to find
  A PURER land than ours.

CHORUS—

'Tis in its youth, a glorious youth,
  Enlightened, brave and true;
The knowledge tree grows free for all,
  There's work for all to do;
The din of industry and toil
  FILL up the busy day,
'Till lost in Sabbath's hush, when cares
  Steal silently away.

CHORUS—

God loves the labour we know,
  And blesses honest toil,
With peaceful rest in happy homes,
  And richly yielding soil.
We'll take the poor man's weary hand,
  And smile the heights above,
While ever sweeter swells the song
  Of Unity and love.

CHORUS—

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
  Grows green in spring-time fair,
But Autumn days will find it changed
  To brilliant colors rare.
'Tis thus with thee dear Canada,
  Thy youth is fair to-day,
But then shalt grow more glorious still
  Ere worlds shall pass away.

Fair Canada, dear Canada, fond love we give to thee,
In joyous lays we sing thy praise, sweet land of Liberty.

HIS GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME.

Yes, His Glory shines before me, fills with light the pathway drear;
All its brightness gathers o'er me and I know that He is near.
Softly through the radiance stealing comes the Heav'nly music sweet,
'Till my heart gives back the echo and the joyous strain repeat.
'Tis the sound of angels singing, where with "sandals loosed" they rest,
All their dusty robes forgotten and in spotless raiment dressed.
There—the fields of emerald glory by their happy feet are trod,
While their voices join the river, 'flowing from the throne of God,'
As it sings and ripples sweetly, making melodies of love,
While its crystal waves are gleaming 'neath the Glory from above.
There—the seas of Jasper brightness in their glassy waves reflect
All the robes of snowy whiteness and the crowns of God's 'elect',
Crowns of gold inlaid with jewels, tear-drop jewels bright and clear,
Tears they've wept while hearts were grieving o'er their Saviour's sorrows here.
Tears of pain and deep contrition, as they struggled on their way,
Sinning oft, yet always striving Him to follow day by day;
Drops of grief from clouds of anguish rising darkly overhead,
(Not my will but Thine, my Father, was the falt'ring prayer they said.)
All the pain, each word of kindness, feeble prayer and smile to cheer;
Tearful sorrow, self-denial, gently given or suffered here,
Found they added to their Glory in that Land so wondrous fair
Turned to gems their crowns adorning, jewels lovely, rich and rare.
And their praises, grand celestial as they tread the golden street,
Grow but purer, richer, sweeter, as they kneel at Jesus' feet;
Bending low in adoration, lost in rapture, long they gaze
At that face of matchless beauty, worthy of their [illegible]

Then their eyes shine like the noon-day, as they catch the light
from His,
And they grow like Him in beauty, for they 'see Him as He is';
O our King is all the sunshine, all the Rest and Joy and Love,
All the sweetness and the beauty of that Glory Land above,
And the brightness of His Glory shines before me all the way;
All the richness of His blessings spreads around me day by day;
Oh His fullest love and mercy falls on me, so full of sin,
And the pearly Gates are open that I, too, may enter in.
Make me pure as driven snow-flakes, King of Kings abide with
me;
Let me spend my years for Jesus, fill them, Lord of praise, for
Thee;
Keep me worthy of my Master, till Life's shadows fade away;
Till, in Glory's sweet fulfillment, darkness wakes to Endless Day;
Till I see Thy Glories dawning in those Kingdoms of the Blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troub'ling and the weary are at
rest."